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ABSTRACT

This anthology presents the creative writing of students in grades 7-12 discussing "Arizona treasures" and celebrating Arizona Statehood Day in 1994. The 36 poems and short descriptive pieces were chosen from over 1,000 entries from students in schools around Arizona. Entries in the anthology are grouped by grade level--grades 7-8, 9-10, and 11-12. (RS)

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1994

ARIZONA

STATEHOOD DAY

CREATIVE

WRITING

ANTHOLOGY

Arizona Department of Education

C. Diane Bishop, State Superintendent of Public Instruction

Muriel Rosmann, Writing/Language Arts Specialist

FEBRUARY 21, 1994

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Representative "Polly" Rosenbaum

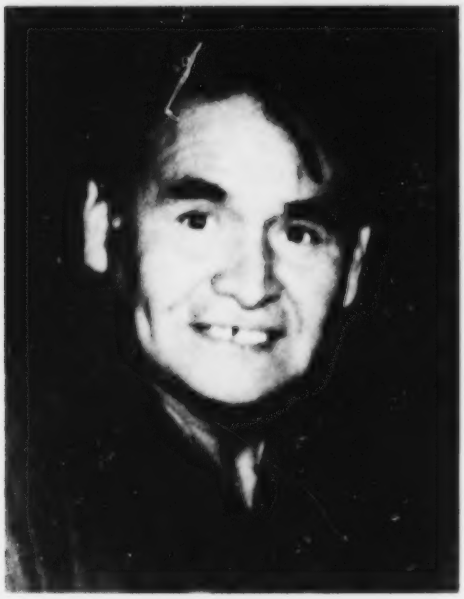
1994 Statehood Day Reflections

The celebration of Statehood Day, through special ceremonies by the Arizona House of Representatives, has been a long-standing tradition. Representative Rosenbaum has orchestrated these ceremonies over the years and as a former teacher she has chosen this time to honor outstanding students in Arizona's schools.

The 1994 Statehood Day Creative Writing Contest was jointly sponsored by the Arizona House of Representatives and the Arizona Department of Education. This year students in grades 7 - 12 submitted over 1,000 entries discussing "Arizona Treasures." In a blind judging process, twelve winners and twenty-seven finalists were chosen. These students represented schools from around the state. The winners, their families and teachers were honored guests of the Arizona House of Representatives for the 1994 Statehood Day ceremonies on February 21, 1994. The finalists received a certificate, copy of this book and letter of congratulations for their excellent writing.

A special thanks to Representative Polly Rosenbaum for her continuing dream that the greatest resource of Arizona is its young people as they learn and grow. Arizona educators, parents and students say a special "thank you" to Representative Rosenbaum for her many years of hard work and dedication in support of education.

Muriel Rosmann
Writing/Language Arts Specialist
Arizona Department of Education



Edgar Perry

Mr. Perry often introduces himself by saying, "I am proud to be born into the Apache world in the Eagle Clan." Mr. Perry is a historian, museum director and educator who has worked diligently to develop an understanding of the Apache culture for young Apache students. While doing his historical research, Mr. Perry traveled extensively over the reservation and recorded over four hundred oral histories with the elderly Apaches. He has built a museum at Fort Apache, and designed and constructed displays, and catalogued a variety of early Apache artifacts.

The translation of the Apache language that he and his wife completed has offered a new understanding of life among the Apache Nation. The compilation of the Apache dictionary, pamphlets on reading and writing Apache, and the translation of many songs and legends have been among a few of his accomplishments. He has taught the Apache language through Pioneer Northland College for a number of years.

The cover of this book was donated by Mr. Perry. He is recognized as an accomplished artist. We thank him for his generous donation.

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ADE

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1994 STATEHOOD DAY JUDGES

Representative Polly Rosenbaum	House of Representatives
Representative Robert J. McLendon	House of Representatives
Representative Tom Smith	House of Representatives
Muriel Rosmann	Arizona Department of Education
Frank Klajda	Arizona Department of Education
Mary Luckenbill	Deer Valley High School
Ken Reid	Mountain Pointe High School
Laurel Williams	Tolleson Union High School
Corinne K. Haynes	Desert Sky Middle School
Carol Cann	Desert Sky Middle School
Diane Bykowski	Cortez High School
Marsha Ridings	Kyrene Middle School
Floria A. Shaw	Maxine O. Bush School
Sharon Casteel	Andalucia Montebello School
Tom Seiger	Pueblo Middle School
Darrell Barrett	Greenway High School
Amy Welden	Cottonwood Middle School

Winner

DESERT RAIN

Ashen clouds roll in,
one by one,
Looking like enormous boulders
lighter than air

Lightning strikes,
thunder rolls
Sounding like drums echoing
in the canyons
Nature's fury, about to explode
causes us to wonder,
what nature has in store.

I wait,
watch,
and wonder ...
I only guess what comes next.

Blowing winds, denser clouds,
roaring thunder.

FINALLY,

The calm, sweet smell of rain
fills the desert air.
The clouds clear up,
leaving behind a glowing rainbow.

Because of nature's gift of rain,
the desert lives another day.
A nourished desert floor springs forth,
providing a sea of desert flowers
and sustenance for nature's creatures.

Nicolas Speliopoulos
Royal Palm School
Washington Elementary District No. 6
Pamela Cullen
7th Grade

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Sucheta Misra
Cocopah Middle School
Scottsdale Unified District No. 48
Jill Richard
8th Grade

Winner

Arizona

Purple-blue mountains at sunset
  tower above the valley below
Majestic colors of the Grand Canyon
  impress both young and old.
Snow-capped San Francisco Mountains,
  loom above the evergreen fir trees.
The cool, crisp air of the north
  whispers an enchanting tune in the treetops.
Emerald leaves glide to the ground,
  creating a crunchy carpet
  for the animals scampering around.
Golden poppies and lavender lupines
  dot a hillside with color in spring
  and join with red Indian paintbrush
  and orange globe mallow
To form a kaleidoscope of colors.

Golden-orange, sun dried grasses
Blowing back and forth underneath
  the twisting leafless branches of a mesquite tree
A once distant storm darkens the sky
The thunder's rumble becomes a deafening roar.
Raindrops splatter against the dry and cracked ground
The fragrant smell of wet, moist earth comes
  as the rain slowly disappears.
The sun peeks out of the clouds,
  casting a ray of light on the glistening woods and leaves.

Lost and abandoned gold mines
Wait patiently to be rediscovered.
The lost days of the wild west
Haunt the empty streets of ghosts' towns.
Legends and stories of Arizona's history
  are passed from generation to generation.

Howling coyotes, small speckled green lizards
Yellow and black scorpions
Slithery, scaly rattlesnakes, dusty and dirty javelinas
Beaded Gila monsters, slow heavy tortoises
  – purple-blue mountains at sunset.
Arizona.

Narissa Whitelaw
Fountain Hills Jr./Sr. High School
Fountain Hills Unified District No. 98
Anne M. Hanson
7th Grade

Winner

GRANDFATHER

Grandfather stands atop a Mesa,
watching an eagle
soaring through the cloudless sky,
moving gracefully and powerfully.
Making grandfather feel dignified.
Suddenly, the eagle disappears
through the bright sunlight.
He waits patiently through the day
for the eagle to return,
but it never returns.
Finally Grandfather walks home,
feeling helpless and weakened
by the thought of "extinction."

Grandfather stands amidst the hogan,
remembering Dine' Bizaad
echoing through the radio,
used gracefully and powerfully by the Navajo Code Talkers.
Making Grandfather feel dignified.
Suddenly the Dine' Bizaad is disappearing,
through the hogan walls.
He waits patiently through the years,
for it to return,
but it seems it may never return.
Finally Grandfather falls asleep
feeling helpless and weakened,
by the thought of "extinction"

Grandfather dreams
The Eagle,
The Dine' Bizaad
A symbol of Power.
The Eagle,
The Dine' Bizaad
A symbol of Courage.

Awaken at dawn,
Grandfather walks to the east,
and prays to the Great Spirit,
that soon,
the Eagle,
The Dine' Bizaad,
will soar gracefully,
and powerfully over
its Native Land once again.

Dathan Tsosie
Piñon School
Piñon Unified District No. 4
Daisy Kiyaani
7th Grade

Winner

GRANDMA'S ENTREE

Grandma
prepares a rectangular earth pit,
definitely sure how much bread it will hold.
Then she kindles a fire
upon the carefully laid juniper wood.
Suddenly the fire blazes through.
Grandma heads toward the cornfield.
With her wrinkly hands,
she searches the corn ear
for big, soft kernels.
She looks for dried, brownish silk.
This she knows are ready.
Grandma searches for more.
When she is satisfied, she
bundles the corn into her blanket flour sack.
Grandma swings the pack upon her tiny shoulders.
With her powerful body swayed forward,
she starts on the road
to prepare for the upcoming labor
Grandma
selects the best corn ear for wrappings,
cuts the husk carefully and stacks them neatly,
peels the rest of the corn ear,
cuts the kernels off the cobs,
grinds the fresh corn,
dips a handful of ground corn and,
puts it meticulously into the corn husk she
saved earlier.
Hooray! She is finished.
Oop's! She is taking her labor to the pit.
She gets a shovel and removes
the hot ashes and the loose soil.
She sits down beside the hot pit
not even noticing the heat.
She places each bread close together,
and they start sizzling from underneath.
Oh! The burnt aroma is spreading.
With this she sets a time in her mind.
Now, she knows when it will be done.
Grandma
meanwhile, goes about preparing the
different corn entree.
Soon she will know the bread is done
by the faint aroma spreading through the air.
She must have a great sense of smell.

Nancy Tom
Piñon School
Piñon Unified District No. 4
Daisy Kiyaani
7th Grade

Grandma
soon uncovers her entree.
She is delighted with her good timing.
Grandma
calls to her children
and says, "Na'has'nel Ko."
Everyone gets a Kneel Down Bread
and eats to their delight.
Grandma
did her labor and feels content
for she has once again seen the corn.

Winner

The Rainbow Of Arizona, A Spectrum Of Color

Even more precious than silver and gold,
Are Arizona's "colorful" tales, which can be told:

I am color, one of the most powerful beings on this planet and I put the spirit and vitality into life. You will be able to experience my work. We will be visiting my favorite work of art: Arizona. I will pick from my most prized possessions, a box of crayons, to decide which order to tell you about the spectrum of colors.

Red: There are many magnificent parts of Arizona colored in a flaming red, but today, I will tell you about the most impressive one. It is known by many as Sedona. However, I prefer to call it the Red Rock Country. As you can probably tell by the name, there are blazing red rocks around every corner, just waiting to jump out at you! If you visit Sedona, you will feel like you are in the middle of the entire world, because you are completely surrounded by two of nature's beauties, steep mountains and gently rolling hills.

Purple: The next majestic beauty that I'm going to describe for you is a spectacular wonder that Arizona is best known for. Let me tell you, it was no easy task coloring the entire Grand Canyon to perfection. I decided to color it purple, to reflect the metamorphosis of the ages, so that people would travel from the ends of the earth to appreciate such indescribable splendor. If you "hike the canyon," dreams will become realities. You can see a limitless amount of light, fluffy clouds while at the bottom, and it seems like you are absolutely free of all troubles and fears!

Brown: To decide what I wanted to color brown required a lot of thinking. I finally decided that by coloring the desert brown, I could preserve and protect its mystery. Many people are mistaken by the color, and believe that nothing can live in the Sonoran Desert. This statement is pure fiction, because the desert is one of Arizona's greatest phenomenons. The breath-taking surroundings, climate and atmosphere provide a home to thousands of different species of plant and animal life.

Orange: The color orange was the easiest treasure to discover. This precious metal used to be one of Arizona's main industries. When I saw copper, I just knew that this costly beauty had to have that orange shine to it when the sunlight hit the sides of the gleaming metal. My coloring has become so famous, that now, the copper star is the symbol of Arizona.

Yellow: The color yellow can be seen almost anywhere in Arizona. Every other place in the world has a sunset, but the Arizona sunset has always been my favorite. I find the sunset mesmerizing every day as the sun finishes up its work for one day and rests till the next! It is one of those treasures, that if a person does not even see once, their life is not complete!

Green: The unique green radiance of the cacti symbolizes the strength which Arizona holds. Many different species of cacti have the ability to absorb water in their system, without getting dehydrated, for several months. When I am traveling around Arizona, I see the cacti, which reminds me of the power and determination that Arizona will always have.

Lilach Shafir
Cholla Middle School
Washington Elementary District No. 6
Lisa Horak
7th Grade

Blue: When it came to waterways, I automatically knew that they had to be blue. Even though Arizona has no oceans or seas, the amazing crystal clear lakes and rivers are five times better than any ocean or sea! From gently moving along in a houseboat at Lake Powell, to being wildly tossed from side to side on a Colorado River rafting trip, Arizona's waterways have it all!

Black: According to an artist, black is the absence of all light. In Arizona, you will see that you can find absolutely no true black. This is because everybody blends together, so that you never see the absence of any type of culture. There is a special blend to Arizona, which is like that of no other state! When everyone comes together to make the spectacular State of Arizona, all colors are present!

Of all the treasures, including silver and gold,
Arizona holds unique promise for young and old.
When it comes to a rainbow of color, states have made their claim,
Arizona is the only one that deserves the fame.
Millions commit themselves to the Valley of the Sun,
Unlike other states, Arizona's treasures are not just a prize to be won!

Winner

It's Just the Feeling

I wonder why I do this to myself, why I put my body through this pain. I continue, step after step, putting one foot in front of the other. My mind goes blank and the trail in front of me becomes blurry. I don't stop for rest but continue on the never-ending journey.

When I finally rest, it is on a flat rock. I turn my head and look back at the trail I have covered. The switchbacks are etched into the cliff's face. I take a sip of water and stand up with a sigh. My short rest ends as I take one more step toward the end.

The bridge comes into view as I round the last curve. It is made of black metal and spans the roaring river. When I'm in the middle of it, I stare down at the swiftly moving water and feel dizzy, but I continue. I now understand why the mules don't cross on this bridge.

When I reach the other side my body wants to rest, but I push on. It is only a little farther, and then I will have *real* rest. I follow the trail which has now turned to sand. It passes a helicopter landing pad, a path to the beach, a ranger's cabin, a corral, and a restroom. Then it turns north and goes a little farther to the campground's entrance.

A sign welcomes me to Bright Angel Camp. I ignore it and continue until I find an empty site. I sit on the table's bench and take off my pack. My shoulders feel free and so do my feet. When I stand up, I feel as if my body is weightless. A smile creeps onto my face as I drink in my surroundings. The trip down has tired me. I have not taken time to enjoy myself, to look around, to experience the Canyon. Now I am able to do that. I start with what is closest.

My campsite is surrounded by lush, green growth. It is backed up against a reddish rock wall that reaches far into the sky. The rushing creek is about 20 yards from where I am standing and is surrounded by a riparian habitat. The young cottonwoods which were planted in an effort to revegetate the area are surrounded with cage-like wrapping to protect them from deer and beavers.

Esther Ellsworth
Prescott Mile High Middle School
Prescott Unified District No. 1
Jerry Ellsworth
8th Grade

A doe wanders into my camp with her new fawn following close behind. The little one tries to copy its mother's every action and I laugh quietly. The fawn attempts to squeeze between two close-growing, young trees and gets caught. Its spotted white rump stands out from the surrounding growth. I am once again amazed at how comfortable the animals are around humans.

My eyes reach farther and take in the sheer rock face across the Colorado River. I search for the River Trail and finally find it high on the cliff face. I would not have wanted to do the dynamite blasting on that for anything, I think. Just walking on it scares me.

I can't see the canyon's rim from where I am, but I can remember what the upper canyon is like. It is very different from the inner gorge, which seems to be a straight narrow path following waterways. The upper canyon has many layers which can be seen everywhere. Its spires rise high and seem to touch the heavens.

Intricate carving and development has taken place here. I realize the power and dynamic existence of water, a creation that constantly changes anything meant to last forever.

As I gaze into the darkening sky, I find a peace within myself. The reason I tire my body is so that my soul may have rest. This place is a temple of God.

Coyote

The fur on the back of my neck bristled up. Before me stood another of my kind. He wasn't my friend, though. He was an enemy, an intruder.

The rocky ledge on which we were standing belonged to me. The prickly weeds, the jagged rocks, and the delicate purple cactus fruits were all mine. He had no right to be here.

I growled, warning him to leave. When he refused, I hunched forward, threatening to punish him. Again, he disobeyed. His eyes narrowed to challenge me. I bared my teeth, telling him that I had accepted the challenge.

Then, before I could even form a strategy, he made his first move. He hurled his body towards me. He hit me in the shoulder, forcing me to the ground. I now realized his strength in spite of his size.

It was my turn to act. I sunk my teeth into his golden yellow skin. Warm blood spurted out of his neck. He screamed, begging me to stop, but I wasn't through with him. I lifted him up with my long, narrow mouth. Then, using all the strength I had, I hurled him against the nearest rock. Even as he flew through the air, I could hear him apologizing.

Then I heard an unexpected snap. He who had challenged me had broken his neck. That one, so similar to me, lay on the rocky soil, the loser of the battle.

I stood there on my ledge, staring at the carcass of the dead creature. Slowly my eyes roamed to the rock which had ended a life.

This rock was covered with quartz crystals, along with chunks of agate, and smooth slabs where areas of green lichen had found a home.

Hannis Brown
Fountain Hills Jr./Sr. High School
Fountain Hills Unified District No. 98
Anne M. Hanson
7th Grade

Then my eyes rose to where some tall, blue mountains stood. The pointy peaks were covered with sparkling snow.

Beyond this, all that was visible was the brilliant setting sun that shadowed the thin, wispy clouds with soft shades of color. This sight was beautiful, and I stood there, at the very edge of the tall, crimson ledge until I became quite dizzy.

When I turned in the opposite direction, I saw that the first stars had already begun to pierce through the dim light that surrounded my small, thin body.

I was beginning to hear the sounds of the evening. The desert owls had begun to hoot to each other. The small, but quick, lizards made light scratching sounds as they scurried along the many rocks around me.

Then, suddenly, a loud cry rang through the air. I recognized the voice of a friend, a companion. That voice came from someone equally as lonely as I.

I took one last glance over my ledge, then I raised my thin snout, and in a very distinct voice, I answered the call.

How the Saguaro Came to Be

Up in heaven one day, God decided it was time to create something new. He called Gabriel, his loyal servant, to his side and asked for an idea. Before Gabriel had a chance to reply, God had a brilliant idea. He decided he would search the whole earth over for a land of loving people. Once found, he would design a plant after them to grow around their homes.

For many years, God carefully searched the earth for those virtuous people. He searched every land near and far unsuccessfully until finally giving up. But little did he realize he had overlooked Arizona. He had been distracted by the festivities in Mexico. Fortunately, old Gabe had been watching from his cloud and had noticed it was overlooked.

When God returned from earth, he was quite forlorn. He asked the angels to rest their heavenly voices. He was not in the mood to be praised that day. Then, he summoned Garbriel to his throne room so he could report his disappointment. Well, Gabe knew what was ahead and was thankful he noticed Arizona being overlooked. With a glorious smile upon his face, he floated into God's throne room. God asked him to close the door and God began to explain his problem. After unloading his burdensome tale, Gabriel asked if he might have missed Arizona. As God realized that he had, his anxious face relaxed. At once he decided to return to earth and meet the Arizonans.

When he arrived in Arizona, he took an assumed name so no one would know who he was. The people met him with outstretched arms and welcomed him to their home. After some time, he became well acquainted with them all. Though they all had their faults, their bright, loving hearts made one look beyond to their inner beauty. Once God had discovered this, he knew that he was among the virtuous individuals for which he had been looking. He concluded that now he must return to heaven.

Upon his return, he began the designing and creation of a plant to symbolize Arizona's treasure - the people. He gave his creation outstretched arms to symbolize the welcoming arms of the Arizonans. Then, God covered the plant with thorns to show that yes, they do have their faults, but he placed a bright and beautiful blossom in the midst of the thorns. The blossom represented the Arizonans' loving hearts that draw the eye past all the faults and focus attention on the beauty. God the distributed his new plant throughout Arizona as a reminder to all who enter this great land of the priceless treasure chest of peoples dwelling in it.

Kimberley Micetic
Cocopah Middle School
Scottsdale Unified District No. 48
Jill Richard
8th Grade

ARIZONA TREASURES

Arizona's treasures do not lie hidden underground, they are scattered out in the open for even the casual observer to capture and cherish. But its rarest gems are often discovered in quiet places, remote and rugged.

The path was narrow, dusty and strewn with rocks the size of a man's fist. The hikers were silent in their haste to reach their destination in the saddle of the mountain, as the dusky sky was growing in colors of red and orange. Shadows from stands of Ponderosa pines and red-barked Manzanitas loomed larger as the sun dipped behind the last mountain in the distance.

Camp was struck in the brisk air of nightfall, the evening meal was prepared and eaten in haste. Soon, all were settled into the warmth of sleep, only to be awakened by the approach of the new day.

The scent of breakfast tempted even the laziest of sleepers out of their bags. As hikers slipped into the day, the day slipped into the hikers. Before them was scene they had missed in their late arrival. It was a panorama view of valleys below. The mist of the early morning hung softly like the breath of the campers in the early morning. The rising sun burned through the mist, causing a golden glow across the saddle.

Hikers set off on a strenuous hike to the base of the peak, picking their way carefully, as boots slide on crumbled stone. Half their morning is spent in this pursuit, when finally the base is reached. Here, the faithful dog must remain. The next part of the trail is only for the fittest and the surest of foot. Steep grades are scaled and perilous falls await on every side. A dog's devoted bark is often heard through the wind.

Finally, the summit is attained. It is time to feast upon the scenery, perched upon the highest peak which Four Peaks has to offer. The golden sun sparkles and dances upon the water of Saguaro Lake to the south, and Roosevelt Lake looks cool and dark to the north. Hawks are now even with the eye of the viewer. With one more commanding look of the uncovered treasure, the hikers turn to pursue their path home.

Reid Johnson
Kyrene Middle School
Kyrene Elementary District No. 28
Donna Gallaher
8th Grade

Footsteps

From the thudding feet and echoing chants of the Native Americans, to the white man's new ideas, to the horizons so broad that only a rainbow of hope could span them, Arizona was born.

From the swishing of bright, colorful skirts and tapping heels of the Mexicans, to the dedication of the miners, Arizona, the forty-eighth state of the Union, thrives and grows on the strength of its people.

On the soft tread of silent moccasins, Arizona came to life long before it was established as a state. The children of yesterday and today have witnessed many great changes to scar Arizona's innocence.

The cattlemen that trod the waterless deserts were unaware of the future that lay nestled between the San Francisco Mountains and the deep valleys that dimpled the Chiracuahas. They knew nothing of the great technology that would come years after their time. They only knew of the dry food and the herd leader's hoarse voice shouting continually at them.

The white men, who hunted the "yellow iron" and copper and delved into Arizona's rich mines, and spread the word quickly that this land out West was truly rich in fortune, helped to weave the state's history.

Now, as skyscrapers puncture the clouds and our leaders are fast becoming more powerful to change our beautiful state, we must never forget those who laid the foundation of our unity of statehood. These men and women who created Arizona's history must not be forgotten. Their memories should be as treasured as gold, their beliefs honored and sacred.

The Arizona flag flies true and honorable, set in the soil still proud and strong, like the old people in time, whose footsteps led to civilization.

Emily Hibbets
Powell Jr. High School
Mesa Unified District No. 4
Joan Charles
8th Grade

Arizona's Treasures

As she searched the sky with her eyes of copper, she came upon the sun. It pounded the rhythm of another joyous day into the soil on which she stood. Each day the rays of brilliance burned her flesh until her complexion was a deep auburn hue with golden highlights that accented her flaming scarlet hair like an envelope of marvel.

The lands she inhabited were few but diverse. They varied from mountainous forests to barren deserts to the abyss of earth where one could hear the river waters crashing against its banks.

The creatures that resided in her presence were many but each unique in its own way. From the graceful hawk gliding across the heavens searching in desperation for vulnerable prey to the prairie dog dodging every glance of a mad predator, the odd imbalances were steadied at the hand of nature.

As she peered across the earth that was her home, she saw a young Navajo boy, and as the child reached out a hand in an gesture of love and innocence, a trusting sparrow cautiously hobbled closer to the palm full of grain. The scurrying creatures that has instinctively feared the boy had befriended him, and this sight was so beautiful that tears fell from the sky that danced with hope. The tears were pure and clear, and as they showered the ground, they nourished the soil with vigor and strength. From this soil grew herbs and wild flowers and trees as numerous as the stars.

She had given the land life, and her name was Arizona.

Jennifer Levario
St. Cyril's School
Diocese of Tucson
Martha Taylor
8th Grade

The Changing Of The Seasons In Sabino Canyon

Sabino Canyon, in northeastern Tucson, is an oasis in the desert. An oasis with four seasons all its own. Seasons that make it better than any other place of its kind anytime. The nature is fantastic, but it's the seasons which I have witnessed that make it worthy of such respect, and it's the seasons that make it so special for me.

In spring, the snow melt gushes off the top of Mount Lemmon in the Catalina Mountains into Sabino Canyon. The water flows over the first three bridges, forcing walkers to take off their shoes and bear the pain of the cold water that bites like thousands of piranhas nipping at their toes. The desert is awakened from its slumber and the once dormant plants from the winter are revived with a wave of heat that melts their winter prisons. The leaves on the trees turn a bright green and the cactus plants blossom bright yellow, hot pink, and white flowers. The desert whispers with joy, for the desert is alive again.

Then comes summer, and a hot blanket falls over Sabino Canyon raising temperatures into the hundreds. The cicadas buzz and a stillness falls over the desert-a stillness like a vast sheet of crystal smooth ice on a frozen lake. The gushing streams from the Mount Lemmon snow melt in spring have slowed to a calm like the quiet notes of a song. Then the monsoon season arrives and the desert is cooled off with gentle and sometimes damaging rainfall. The rain falls in sheets like that of a waterfall, and when you look at it from a distance, the rain looks as if it's giving the desert a beating. Rainbows come out when the sun takes a peek through the vast curtain of deep, gray storm clouds. Sabino Canyon gets ready to relax as the parched heat of summer will soon come to an end.

Fall arrives. The days in Sabino Canyon are wonderful, and the temperatures stay in the mid 70s. The days vary from a light, bright sunshine to gentle rain storms just enough to moisten the ground, giving it a drink. In late November the leaves of the cottonwoods change from a green to a yellowish-orange color, and they fall from the trees. The wind blows and the desert brooms' seeds blow like "Arizona snow," leaving vast white carpets across the desert floor. The Sonoran Desert of Sabino Canyon braces itself for the oncoming winter.

Winter hits, sending the desert into shock, frozen, like the cold that binds it. The nights are freezing and the days are sunny. The desert comes to a standstill like that of death, and the cold winter takes over, thus closing the curtain of seasons in Sabino Canyon for the time being.

The desert rests. The seasons pass. And Mother Nature continues to live in the heart and soul of the desert.

Daniel Bubany
St. Cyril's School
Diocese of Tucson
Martha Taylor
8th Grade

Arizona's Treasure

In so many ways, Arizona has treasures,
treasures out in the open but a mystery,
like the Lost Dutchman's Mine,
but that's only money,
a worthless material that some find value in,
I'm talking about the hidden, silent treasures that
mean something,
so much more than money ever could,
the people of Arizona are the true, brilliant treasures
our State.

I had a dream to win this challenging contest,
and like this dream,
others have had dreams,
a thousand times more challenging and they've
succeeded,
through their failures and accomplishments,
they've triumphed through hardships too great to
paint even a glimpse of a picture for you in your
mind to understand,
but they made it,
just like I hope I will.

The outstretched canyons that are throughout
our state,
with its exotic colors and bubbling nature
experience,
is our people,
the brilliant colors,
twenty shades of orange,
forty shades of red,
eighty shades of yellows,
also the thousands of shades of rusts, browns,
whites, blacks,
too many colors to name but all are beautiful,
a single yellow canyon wall is so simple and ordinary
these colors,
these people,

Elizabeth Hair
Royal Palm School
Washington Elementary District No. 6
Pamela Cullen
7th Grade

make up together the most beautiful wonder in the world,
alone they are beautiful,
together magnificent,
it takes many to make such a beautiful sight,
here the colors don't matter,
if only we could be a canyon together,
every day.
But I believe Arizona is its people,
different cultures, color, religions, and accents,
all make up and make us who and what we are today
and that makes me proud to be able to call myself,
such a simple word with so great meaning,
Arizonian.
I believe Arizona is its people,
we are Arizona.

The Delicious Treasure

I was in the Superstition Mountains ready to embark on a backpacking trip to a destination called Reevis Ranch. Our backpacking leader had told us that there was something special about Reevis Ranch, but he would not tell us what.

As we were walking briskly along the trail, I could not help but wonder what this special surprise was. It was late afternoon when we reached camp. I decided to explore the area. As I was walking along, I came to a rise. In the valley below was a burned down cabin with only the stone walls standing, coarse as sandpaper. The walls were made of sandstone and had no specific shape, yet they fit like pieces of a puzzle interlocked together. Inside the burned down structure, the ash on the walls made them look as if someone had splashed strong black coffee on them. As I walked around, I noticed relics such as a Franklin stove and an old fireplace, remnants of the past. I wondered what it was like back in the 1800's when Reevis lived in this once strong and well-maintained cabin. Now all that remained were a few ashes and some stones. I could envision Reevis living off the wilds and drinking from the crystal clear stream.

As I was lost in thought, I peered out through the doorway of the cabin. As I was gazing out at the meadow, I could not help but notice that there was something definitely different about this valley. It was filled with a type of tree I had never seen before. As I neared the trees, I noticed apples hanging from the branches. There were all sorts of apples such as Golden Delicious, Big Red, and Johnny Appleseed. The apples reminded me that I had not had much to eat all day, so I decided to sample one. As soon as I bit into the apple, a sweetness like not other filled my mouth. This is when it hit me. The apples were the surprise! The apples were small and blemished, not like apples from a store, yet they were delicious. I began picking as many as I could stuff into my already overcrowded backpack because I just had to share this delicious treasure with my family and friends.

Ryan Perry Roop
Cocopah Middle School
Scottsdale Unified District No. 48
Ivy Chemodurow
7th Grade

Dan Majerle

Well, Thunder Dan is the name,
And hoops is the game.
He's come to play in the NBA.
And look out, kid,
'Cause this dude's big!

The man is big.
The man is strong.
He drives the lane
The whole night long.

He can slam it,
He can jam it,
He can pick it,
He can stick it,
He can block it,
He can knock it
Clear into the stands.
'Cause Majerle is the man.
He is the man
Who's got the fans.
They love his rap,
They love his funk.

They love his Earth-quaking,
Rim-breaking,
Floor-shaking,
High-flyin' dunk.

He dominates the coolest game.
Dan Majerle
Is the man.

Ryan Hubele
Cocopah Middle School
Scottsdale Unified District No. 48
Ivy Chemodurow
7th Grade

Winner

The Maricopa Treasure

I am a treasure made from the earth.
Skillful hand shave molded me to make me what I am today.
In the beginning she searched for me on the dry desert floor.
She lifted me.
She carried me.
She gave me my life.

She cared for me as a musician would a violin.
Tediously I was refined into a delicate powder,
then dampened into clay.
She shaped me.
She held me in her hands.
Days went by.

I was made an art, a memory, a life.
The stain of henna extended to my slender neck.
She placed me in the flames that would strengthen my life.
She decorated me.
She polished me.
She carried me once again.

She revealed me to the spectators of the world.
She took me to the east, to the west.
She told the children of me and of her tribe.
She shared.
She taught.
She listened.

With a bolt of lightning her life was taken.
She was a treasure to Arizona, her people, and me.
She wasn't just a potter.
She lifted, carried, gave life.
Ida Redbird

Rachel Duce
Powell Jr. High School
Mesa Unified District No. 4
Leavenworth Wheeler
9th Grade

Winner

Like Cactus, Teachers Are Arizona Treasures

Like cactus, teachers are Arizona Treasures.

Like the saguaro, they stand tallest when their students achieve,
R e a c h i n g out in an often harsh environment.

Like the prickly pear cactus, they distribute the sweetness of learning,
Promoting the fruits of getting an education.

Like the hedgehog cactus, they flower with compassion for student problems,
Bursting forth with bright bloom over student successes.

Like the ocotillo they sway in the wind, seeing others' points of view,
Bending without breaking.

Like the barrel cactus, they are wrapped in a tough exterior, yet ...
They hold the life-giving liquid of learning.

Like the Cholla, their sharp needles can

j
u
m
p

to pierce the skin of the unprepared student
whose dog ate his homework again.

The cactus ... a symbol of Arizona
invites tourists to visit
announces that this state is special
shows off our rugged beauty

The teacher ... a symbol of Arizona
enriches students' knowledge of the past
prepares our future leaders
delineates the path of lifelong learning

Like cactus, teachers truly are

our

Arizona Treasures

Jeff Fields
Sunnyslope High School
Glendale Union High School District No. 205
Terri Fields
10th Grade

Winner

The Piki House

The darkness is gradually overtaken by the radiant yellow ball that seems to break through the endless line of mesas. I walk slowly and carefully, enjoying all of the desert around me. The desert is alive even though it is very early in the morning. A brown hawk makes careful circles in the sky overhead in search of a morning meal. Distant cries of a coyote echo through the valley. I feel the cool morning air against my face, and I can smell its cool, crisp earthiness. It chills my body, and I wrap my blanket around my shoulders to keep warm. In the distance I can see the outline of the little house where I will be spending the next two days hard at work. I have spent many days in this piki house making the traditional bread.

As I open the wooden door, I look around the inside of the piki house. The surroundings are very familiar; the floor made of solid earth, the walls of mud with small flecks of straw, the fire pit with the smooth flat rock covering it, the woven baskets filled with blue corn, the large gray metate with years of grinding worn into its body, and the beautiful clay pots with blue corn meal. The ceiling of mud and straw surrounds the stone chimney that lets the gray smoke escape. The house is dark except for the rectangular beam of light that enters through a solitary window cut into the eastern wall. I set my blanket on the floor and prepare for my day's work.

Gathering several ears of the navy corn, I place the solid kernels in my metate and grind them into a blue corn meal. I grind until my callused hand begins to ache and place the blue powder into a decorated clay pot. From the covered fire pit, I remove a small pinch of the black ashes. Placing this ebony powder into the cornmeal, sprinkling it lightly like my grandmother used to, I watch as the pieces of ash disappear into the mound of corn. I fill a pot with the fresh water from the stone well outside. I glance at the village and see the children playing, while the men rest from their work in the cornfields. Returning to my secluded abode I resume my tedious work. I mix the water with the corn meal forming a thin watery gruel. The piki house is dimly lit and cool. The rectangle of sunlight moves gradually till it fades away completely.

Jennifer Kirkwood
Chaparral High School
Scottsdale Unified District No. 48
J. Conrad Davis
10th Grade

Night creeps into the desert. It comes gradually and quietly. I stand in the doorway of the house and gaze in wonder at the sky painted black with ivory dots that twinkle and flow. The wolves in the mountains cry to their gods in the sky. The desert is not asleep and neither am I. I do not have time for rest. I watch the flames of the fire in the pit dance and jump into the air. When I place the flat gray stone over the fire pit, I can feel the extreme heat of the dancing serpents. They surround the stone and it becomes very hot. Carefully I pour the gruel onto the gray slab. In an instant it turns into what looks like wet parchment. I peel it off the rock, fold it, and set it aside to dry. I work quickly and carefully all of the night and into the morning making the sheet-like blue cornbread. The celebration will occur in two days and I know my hours of toil will be appreciated. Taking a break from my labor, I look out into the dawn. The village is quiet and peaceful. I thank the Lord for my heritage and for blessing the land with the sacred corn.

Winner

SOLAR SENSATION!

This fresh morning, I rise out of my rocky bed: The Superstition Mountains. My first ray disperses the monotonous darkness. A golden glow ascends on the sleeping land and it responds with a sleepy yawn. The desert wakes and sleeps at my command.

My fiesta begins with strings of lights and my rays that splatter blue, orange, purple and red across the heavens that blend together like an abalone shell. I slowly climb the mountains, then glide along the desert sand, and lastly stand erect amid my azure blue home.

Now morning has finally arrived. I lovingly nudge the Desert Milkweed and Desert Star Flowers as I arouse them from their slumber. As the dew drops slowly roll down the flower petals, I melt them before they fall to the desert floor. The scorpions and long-nosed bats scurry to their homes before I can catch them. I peer into coyotes' dens and cactus wren's nests.

As the morning progresses, I warm the desert sands so the animals can play in my brilliance. The rattlesnakes bask in my warmth and heat their cold-blooded bodies. While the fur-coated desert critters dodge my scorching rays.

At my noon siesta, I gather my energy to feed the desert vegetation. They soak up my Vitamin D and my nutritious sunlight. Sometimes, when I'm bored or feel mischievous, I try to see how hot I can scorch the ground. Can I break my record of 122° F? Desert plants and animals have become accustomed to my behavior and have many shields against my powerful rays.

As the day matures, it becomes dusk, my favorite part of the day. I will begin another great masterpiece over the "Valley of the Sun" for which I am famous. Rays brush the canvas sky with some orange here, some red there, and when I'm in the mood, a bit of purple or yellow. With my shift complete, I sink silently in my mountainous bed and pull the blanket of darkness, with twinkling stars and a bright full moon, over my massive body.

Brenda Whitlock
Corona del Sol High School
Tempe Union High School District No. 213
Mrs. McGuire
9th Grade

Palo Verde Tree

Surviving after a cold, desolate winter,
Coming forth as if a beast transformed to a beauty.
Blooming with her silky, golden flowers,
as if they were waking to the sun.

As the river of summer heat drowns everything nigh,
She drops pods of survival,
Giving life to all near her.
Like a mother feeding her children,
Yet going famished herself.

Her long life is a tedious duty,
Often going overlooked and seeming insignificant.
But denying her importance would b e foolish,
When her impact can be seen and felt through the
beauty of the nurtured young ones surrounding her.

Josh Bjork
Sunnyslope High School
Glendale Union High School District No. 205
Terri Fields
10th Grade

ENDLESS HIGHWAY

The highway f
l
o
w
s like a river
Accompanied by mere empty land
stripped before the eyes
Hollow wind *rushes*
through the echoes of the desert
As tranquil blue sand lies

Signs burgeon
along the shore
Measuring the state of its ripples and waves

Undaunted by the torture
loneliness and bareness
The highway s t r e t c h e s
through the heart of the desert

With only a blanket of dust
it's tied to the earth
Scared
by tires
Peeled dry
by the summer
Left alone to be stared
by the caustic eye of the sun

Solitary alienates the highway
with occasional floods on holidays
The highway that flows endlessly

Artie Lee
Sunnyslope High School
Glendale Union High School District No. 205
Terri Fields
10th Grade

Atop the Tallest Tree

I take a step digging my claws into the moist, cool soil. My steps are quick and light as I scurry around the bottom of the forest floor. There is no sun to beat me here, for I am shaded by towering trees that surround me in every direction. The smell of pine is evident, but a different scent catches my attention, the scent of one of the beautiful wildflowers that grow here on Mount Graham. Each brightly colored petal shoots out radiant beams to catch the attention of potential pollinators. I have lived here all my life, and my family of red squirrels has made its home by the lone spruce tree, but I must now venture far to find food for my young children.

As I carelessly skip around the forest, I encounter an enraged fox, and as a veteran of life in the forest, I know to find the nearest tree and make a run for it. Dashing my way up the tree, I find a branch where I wait patiently for time to pass by and for the fox to find a bigger and better meal. Lying on the branch, I watch as the sun fights its way through the army of dense trees. Each ray of sunshine highlights a uniquely interesting part of the forest. Although I am thirty feet off the ground, I spot the ladybugs piled high on the rugged rock. A ray of sunlight shows the beauty of a rock I never before have noticed. It has spent hundreds of years atop this mountain watching the trees grow, listening to the sounds of animals, and inhaling the fragrant scents provided by the wildflowers. I have been an inhabitant of this land for only a short time compared to the wise rock, but during my time here, I, too, have learned to appreciate all this land has to give.

I make my way up the tree, and think of all I have to be grateful for. The top of the tree is my most beautiful place on Earth. The top of the tree feels the warmth, day in and day out of the sun in the clear blue sky. The top of the tree sees the miles of hills and valleys descending from the mountain top. It hears the howl of the coyote, the roar of the bear, and the growl of the bobcat. The top of the tree tastes the fresh, clean air. This is the best place to be, it is peaceful, and in this forest of activity, it is here that I find my solitude. It is here that I have my most personal and deepest thoughts. Each time I travel to the top of this, the tallest tree, upon the tallest peak on beautiful Mount Graham, I find something more beautiful and mysterious about my wonderful home. When I look at the hills and valleys that is not all I see, I see the hope for the future.

Libby Borgmeyer
Chaparral High School
Scottsdale Unified District No. 48
J. Conrad Davis
10th Grade

AN ARIZONA MEMORY

I sit patiently in front of my home, waiting. I wait for the moment when my father and the other warriors of my village will return from a long day of battle with a nearby village. I see my father, the mighty chief, leading the men into the village. This memory will be frozen in my memory forever because I feel so proud. I doubt I will ever have such a feeling ever again.

My father's face is that of a man who has seen many adventures. His skin looks leathery and windblown, even somewhat unreal. He sits proudly on his horse. His hair is blowing in the wind. Almost as if the wind gods knew he had been fighting all day and they wanted to cool him off to relax him. His expression was stern, the deep creases in his face didn't move. The sun had been beating down on him all day, and it seemed to dry out the spirit inside his lean, muscular body.

As I continue to admire my father, I notice the others doing the same as I. The older boys stare at the men with praise, and I can tell by the dreamy looks on their faces that they are thinking of the day when they will be the ones fighting for their village.

Now I start to realize the whole effect of this scene on me. Everything is perfect, even the sun setting in the sky seems to be bowing in respect to my father. The orange and brown fires behind him illuminate him and the other warriors, casting their shadows on the ground, creating huge figures that are dancing in celebration on the dry, dusty dirt. Even the horses, with their once beautifully combed manes tangled from a day of running, seem to realize the importance of the men sitting upon them. My father looks at me and smiles, and I know in my whole life I will never forget the feeling I have right now. This is my Arizona memory.

Natalie Strand
Chaparral High School
Scottsdale Unified District No. 48
Susan L. Law
9th Grade

A Wild-West Day

The Wild West if all gone
Said the man to his wife
But she contrary replied
Though lifestyles change
The west is still here
The wild still part of our life.

The Wild West is all gone
Said the man to his friend
No cowboy will ride there again
The cowboy's still here
You can see the gleam in the eyes
That once shone from under a brim.

The Wild West if all gone
Said the man to his son
No coyote's wail comes over the plains
The coyote's howl is still heard
In the beat of the heart
Of those that here still remain.

The Wild West is all gone
Said the man to his boss
No Apache's war cry will break through the night
Though Apache's don't yell
Their cry still goes on
By those who fight for the right

So the Wild West is <u>not</u> gone
Said the man to himself
The courage is seen every day
In the eyes it is viewed
In the hearts it is felt
Arizonans, have a Wild-West day.

Anna Rudberg
Chaparral High School
Scottsdale Unified District No. 48
Susan L. Law
9th Grade

"ARIZONA, ALPHABETICALLY"

Arizona, land of beauty.
Barry Goldwater, almost President, great in our minds.
Copper, shining on Arizona's tablecloth, and a great dome.
Devoted to the land, loving the earth.
Extraordinary people, Zane and Carl and Frank and many others.
Fabulous sunsets.
Grand Canyons, our own Olympus Mons.
Hot, a desert full of powdered glass among jewels.
In love with all others.
Jammin', slammin', that's our Suns!
Kind, caring for anyone in need.
Look, look toward our future, as bright as the sun.
Making things: chips (food and electronic), salsa and more.
Native peoples, their beautiful art all around to love us.
Origins, roots for many people, great and small.
Popular, warm in winter, a magnet for the cold ones.
Quite a good location, prime real estate even.
Ranchers, raising your dinner that you'll eat tonight.
Somos una cultura diverso.
Try to degrade us, we will rage against you.
Understanding of all, hating of none.
Very pretty, a fact stressable to infinity.
Water, like gold, valuable, yet keeping us cool.
X-mas, exquisite lighting abounds.
You, you are a part of this, and that makes it better.
Zoo, animals for us to see, a great harbor of life.

That is Arizona, A to Z
Oh. what a wonderful place to be.

Ben Berkowitz
Chaparral High School
Scottsdale Unified District No 48
Susan L. Law
9th Grade

DESERT DRAMA

Darkness streaks across the sky racing nothing but time. The stars shine so brightly, each just a small circle some billion miles away. The wind is a soothing soft breeze. It merely tickles everything in this great desert. The bright red mountains are muted and silence is upon all.

Bam! Flashes of light shoot by. Boom! Bam! Again and again the lightning flies past. The subtle breeze begins to frown, angered to a horrendous wind stronger than a hurricane. Birds give their piercing cries for mercy. Standing in the middle of it all, however, one thing hasn't moved even a centimeter. He is none other than the mighty saguaro. He is as old as time and over thirty feet tall. He is a fierce green and his arms are spread ready to fight. He believes he has seen much worse than this storm just now occurring. He is wrong.

The lights flash even more; this quiet desert has become a disco of lights and sound. And the might saguaro waits. He has gained new respect for his foe. He even finds himself bracing against the howling wind. And the might saguaro waits. The lightning has become more frequent, and the thunder cracks like a million twigs broken in the sky. The desert shakes, and the might saguaro waits.

The might saguaro is not fearful, but has now become concerned. A giant tumbleweed caroms off his body not sticking to any of his million sharp little fingers. And kaboom! Lightning has struck the might saguaro. Cutting like a knife it pierces his leathery skin. The saguaro is drained of all its life-giving fluids as the water from his pulp is absorbed by the dry desert floor. The might saguaro has fallen, the might saguaro has waited too long.

Reggie Walker
Chaparral High School
Scottsdale Unified School district
J. Conrad Davis
10th Grade

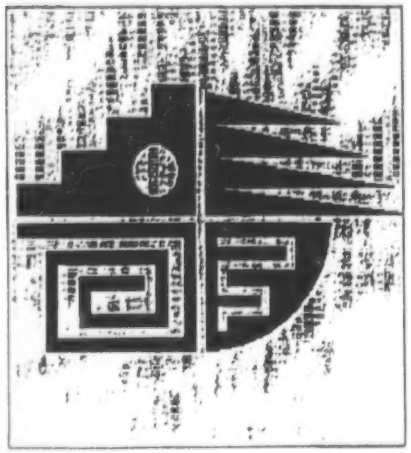
COPPER MINER'S LEGACY

Among the dust, the dirt, and the grime
They toiled for hours in a far away time
Down in the dark with dangers untold
Away from the love a normal life might hold
Building the history of our glorious state
Giving their lives to an unknown fate
Sacrificing family, health, and state of mind
They gathered the copper taking all they could find
They're the heroes of our state
The heart of our pride
They'll never be forgotten
Their memories will never die
The sacrifice they gave
Will never have a price
They gave us all they had
The precious gift of life.

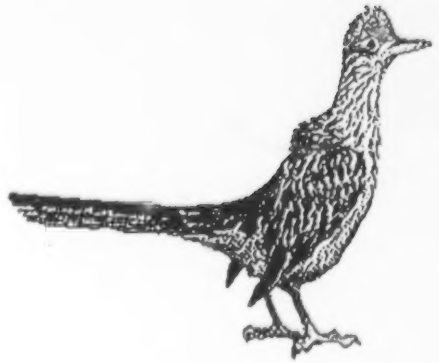
Becky Jordan
Powell Jr. High School
Mesa Unified District No. 4
Leavenworth Wheeler
9th Grade

Attractions

Arizona is a hiker's paradise. Thousands of miles of hiking trails penetrate some of the wildest, grandest and most diverse terrain in the United States. Arizona's famous climate guarantees that campers and hikers can enjoy themselves any time of the year.



Derek Cline
Shadow Mountain High School
Paradise Valley Unified District, No. 69
Mrs. Gibson
12th Grade



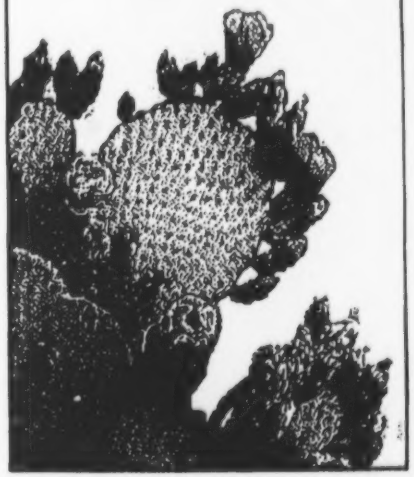
Enjoy Arizona's beautiful features!

Clip art by
Jim Thomas
Creative ReSources

If you don't recycle, you're throwing it all away.

Arizona's

Back Country Patrol



Winner

SCENIC ARIZONA

Everybody has their own view of what "Arizona's Treasures" are. To me, the true treasures of Arizona lay in the back country, where not everybody gets the chance to go. To reach these out-of-the-way places, it is necessary to hike. Normally carrying your provisions on your back, ready for anything, even rain or snow.

My favorite place to visit in Arizona is Oak Creek Canyon and Sedona. In the fall, the cottonwood, ash and scrub oak trees turn gorgeous shades of gold and red. Down in the canyons the winding streams feed the Aspen trees wildly growing along them. Swimming holes throughout the canyon are perfectly located to cool off and relax on those hot summer days.

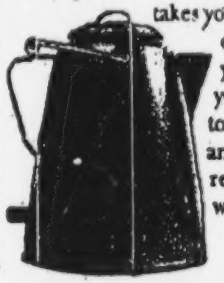
While you're camping in the canyon, you get plenty of time to enjoy the wildlife. Just take some time to sit next to the stream and listen to the birds. That is the special quality time with nature that really gives me satisfaction. My favorite time is sitting next to the fire, keeping warm while sharing a joke with your friend before you lay down to let the twinkling stars put you to sleep.

Arizona is one of the best places in the country to enjoy the outdoors. Anywhere from the bottom of the Grand Canyon, with it's breathtaking blue-green waters, to the tops of the San Francisco Peaks, Arizona is a land of many wild places. Its snow-covered peaks, lush canyons and pristine deserts call out to us. There is perhaps, no other place in the lower forty-eight states where one can better experience the grandeur and raw beauty of wilderness. It is for this reason that I love to travel and visit Arizona.

Plan to Stay!

Camping is the best way to enjoy the open land and outdoor life to its fullest. Fresh air, glimpses of wildlife and the tangy smell of breakfast cooked outside on a cool morning are just some of its rewards. Camping is an activity in which young and old can all take an active part.

Backpacking is a way you can get even more involved in camping in the back country of Arizona. It lets you get away from the rest of the campers that decide to camp on the roadside. Backpacking takes you to places you can't see from your car. Letting you get more in touch with nature, and helping you relax from your worries.



Suggested Equipment

Backpackers need specialized equipment that is both durable and extremely lightweight. Tents, sleeping bags, cook stoves, hiking shoes, canteens and even special food that is light enough to be carried long distances are items that can be purchased at most local outdoor specialty stores.

BEST COPY AVAILABLE

Winner

ONE FOREVER TO BE REMEMBERED

Tender as the petal of a white rose
A white rose which symbolizes faith
Faith, which keeps alive hope
Hope of many, planted by one
One of words, wisdom, and bravery
Bravery which encouraged him to stand for his beliefs
Beliefs which continually quarreled with injustice
Injustice which never treated his people as humans—but as beasts

Warm as the sunshine of a horizon of an afternoon
Pure as the crystal water in a cascade
Worthy of respect as Martin Luther King, Jr.
From the beginning to the end
He dedicated himself to fight for campesino's rights
Now he is where he truly deserves to be
Somewhere very near the Almighty
He taught us to be proud of our roots
He gave so much
He received so little in return
Although he can't be seen
His presence can be sensed
So few words for such an admirable leader
Teacher, friend, and hero
Only One
CESAR CHAVEZ!

Ma Isabel R. Pacheco
Sunnyslope High School
Glendale Union High School District No. 205
Karen G. Timberlake
11th Grade

POR SIEMPRE SERA RECORDADO

Tierno como el pétalo de una rosa blanca
Rosa blanca que simboliza fe
Fe cual mantiene viva una esperanza
Esperanza de tantos, plantada por uno
Uno de palabras, sabiduría, y valor
Valor que lo impulso a defender sus creencias
Creencias cuales continuamente peleaban contra la injusticia
Injusticia que nunca trataba a su gente como humanos si no como bestias

Caluroso como la claridad del sol en el horizonte de la atardecer
Puro como el agua de cristal de una cascada
Digno de respeto como Martin Luther King, Jr.
Desde el comienzo hasta el fin
Dedicándose a la lucha por los derechos del campesino
Ahora está donde en verdad merece estar
En alguna parte muy cerca del Toda Poderoso
Nos enseñó estar orgullosos de nuestras raíces
Tanto nos dio
En recompensa tan poco recibío
Aunque él no se pueda ver
Su presencia se puede sentir
Tan pocas palabras para tan admirable caudillo
Maestro, amigo, y heroe
Sólo uno
!CÉSAR CHÁVES!

Winner

Navajo Boy

Melodic tunes
Flow from his flute
Carried by the winds
across desert landscape

Cacti dripping
In burgundy sunset
Spirits dance freely
whispering the past

A boy
with chocolate eyes
sits upon a blanket
watching his flock

Precious child
Never fade—your desires and traditions
Speak proudly
Love your people

Your Heritage
vivacious as the sky
burning in your soul—
your people's future

Their survival
lasting three centuries—now
Do not let it die
You are needed

Navajo boy
never allow those eyes
grown dim with age
Seek the ways
Go now
remember the words
The wise have spoken
Teach—envied one.

Daidrie Miller
Shadow Mountain High School
Paradise Valley Unified District No. 69
Ms. Gibson
12th Grade

Rock Sport

Forks of Flagstaff
Monk of Phoenix
Bowl of Sedona

My belayer shouts, "Climb On!" —I trust him
Chalk my hands and answer, "Climbing!"

Look around and out:
Tall trees and wet leaves
Look Up:
First level - arete

First move up, easy handhold ... but, not for long
Climbing steadily: clinging to every horn, every shelf
—until I can reach no more

Rest, with a foothold upon a piece of rock
—jutting out no more than an inch

Chalk my hands with the powder fine and white
...grip will be less slippery now ...

Ready?
1 - 2 - 3, LUNGE!
In midair I see the slight shadow of a crack,

I must jam my hand into the wall
before I drop
—and trust
I don't fall.

Look up:
-never down ...
Where I am going, not where I have been
Second level - ceiling

Find a shelf and pull up
clinging to the ceiling - my arms are on fire

Rest, with a foot hold
Shake out my arms until the blood
—begins to flow

Amber Sinclair
Sunnyslope High School
Glendale Union High School District No. 205
Karen Timberlake
11th Grade

Inching across the ceiling, of basalt and granite,
bit
by
bit
—until the edge is there to reach.

Look out:
-never down
Where I am going, not where I've been

I can see the whole world above the tree tops
-rich shades of green and brown,
Feel the moisture of sweat evaporating from the glaring sun
—on my back.

Look up and out:
—never down ...
Where I am going, not where I've been
Third level - crack
- final level
... before the top

Arms pumping, I reach left for the first hand jam
Use feet to smear up to reach the next
—and trust my shoes

Continue on:
hand jam over hand jam,
foot jam over foot jam
The crack widens:
left elbow jam,
left knee jam

The challenged rock scrapes my tender skin
bloody elbows, bloody knees
... bloody hands and fingertips

Closer to the top - almost at the crown
Entire body is weary, breathing is labored
—which saves a cry.

Rest, with a foot hold—for the last time
—press:
my hot face up to the cool,
gray rock

Breather
in ...
... and out
Calming focused breaths
in ...
... and out

Last reach and stretch, extending,
pushing, until
I am
—at the top

Finally, as my belly rolls over the edge, I
look out
and I
can now look down
to where I
have come
and to where I

... have been

Circle

Cool winds kissing my cheek,
Resting my head gently on your shoulder,
Numerous sunsets shared,
All help me remember.
Thick smoke from your cigar,
Feeling safety
In a world that frightened me,
Wise worlds of wisdom,
I see you so vividly.
Yet life changes so quickly,
Often denying us the opportunity to go back,
One moment feeling comfort in the hand that guided me,
Then the uncertainty of change,
Tremulous with fear as you lay in pain,
I held the hand that trembled,
That clock like ticking,
A foreshadow of what was to become of the man,
Unleashing the strength that had been embedded in my heart,
Seeing a ma once possessed with a passion for life,
Slowly letting go,
As the hand trembled,
My heart was being tested,
Freeing myself of this physical bond,

Cynthia Lindstrom
Sunnyslope High School
Glendale Union High School District No. 205
Karen Timberlake
11th Grade

Attaching myself to a love that endures all,
The final faint breath of air had flown away,
The benevolent heart had given all.
From this pain came a revelation,
An all knowing gift bestowed,
Deeply enkindled in my heart,
A creation that surpasses time,
Cherishing through all life has to offer,
My heart aches,
Never having the chance to show gratitude,
For my most valued possession,
A treasure,
A family tightly woven together,
With a bond stronger than the heart itself.
My tears have been cried,
My heart has pondered,
Yet my love blooms,
I have seen the greatness of the dreams you carried out,
Now you see mine as they blossom,
Dearest Grandfather,
Surrounding my essence each day with strength,
Constantly wandering amidst my thoughts,
Endowing your knowledge upon me,
Your presence will never escape,
My heart glows,
Knowing that my memories and emotions define the love that I feel,
And will never forget.

GRAND CANYON

Graciously falling snowflakes kiss the tops of
Rigidly rocky edges that hug the walls of
Another world within itself,
Nature's careful blessing to our special state.
Delicious beauty within its mouth.
Candied sunshine trickling down,
A natural wall of wonder and beauty.
No man could create something so magnificent,
Yet mysterious;
Only God himself could mold
Nature's precious gift to Arizona, our Grand Canyon.

Erin Walker
Tolleson Union High School
Tolleson Union High School District No. 214
Nancy K. Loucks
11th Grade

ARIZONA'S DIVERSITY

Not many states can boast of the great treasures of diversity that Arizona holds. From the pines of Payson to the cacti of Tucson, from the shivering temperatures of Flagstaff to the sweltering heat of Yuma, from small town Morenci to metropolitan Phoenix, Arizona is a well-balanced mixture of beauty, friendships and pride.

One example of Arizona's diversity is North High School, the oldest open high school in Phoenix. Two thousand students, African-American, Asian, Hispanic, Native American, and white, make up the population of North, giving it quite a diversity of ethnicity. Each of the cultural groups seem to have their own clubs or activities at North, open to any interested students. Ballet Folklorico, a traditional Spanish dancing group, African Culture Club, Spanish Club, Indian Club, German Club, and French Club are a few of the cultural activities available to North High's students.

Another diversity found at North is in religion. An impressive variety of Catholics, Jews, Buddhists, Protestants, and atheists attend North each year. The Joshua Club, a Christian group, occasionally hires a disk jockey and holds after-school dances, and it annually participates in a nationwide school prayer session under the flag pole before school. Another group, Unified Melodies, meets two or three times a week to sing and rehearse gospel songs, and performs at various school assemblies and churches.

Language may be considered a barrier to some, but at North it is just one more part of the treasure of diversity. The foreign exchange students and a few other students who have transferred to Phoenix from Africa and Russia interact with many other English speaking students in all of their classes. Other students are always curious about the languages these students speak which include Zulu, Russian, German, Portuguese and Swedish. The exchange students can often be found telling English students how to say, "I love you," "thank you," or "hello," in their native language. English as a Second Language students are not set apart at North either. In fact, one ESL student was voted Junior Class president this year. The international Baccalaureate, a college preparatory program, has a language requirement of four years. Many of the IB students take several years of Spanish to fulfill the requirements. At assemblies and graduation, speeches are given in both /English and Spanish. Students have learned to respect the language differences of their peers and do not allow these differences to prohibit friendships from forming.

Virginia Hawkins
North High School
Phoenix Union High School District No. 210
Suellen Brahs
11th Grade

North is one of the many places in Arizona where the treasure of diversity is found in abundance. One of the most valuable aspects of diversity is that it makes each individual stand out without isolating any one or any group from another. Diversity shows that there is a unique beauty in each culture, each religion, each language, and each person. Without this great treasure of diversity, Arizona would not be the fascinating state that it is.

ARIZONA LAND AND SKY

There is nothing so big as an Arizona sky.
There is nothing so white as the clouds that drift there.
No sky so blue,
No rainbow so tall,
No place where the sun ever shines as bright
as it does in the expanse of an Arizona sky.

There is nothing so wide as an Arizona meadow.
There is nothing so green as the grass that lies there.
No tree so large,
No flower so colorful,
No place where the creek ever flows as free
as it does in the space of an Arizona meadow.

There is nothing so beautiful as an Arizona sunset.
There is nothing so vivid as the colors that live there.
No pink so brilliant,
No red so fiery,
No time when the sky is more picturesque
than it is at the time of an Arizona sunset.

There is no one more appreciative than an Arizona dweller.
There is no one more sure of what beauty truly is.
No one more awed,
No one more amazed,
No one more surrounded b the reality of nature
than one who lives in the beauty of Arizona.

Sherri Gallardo
North High School
Phoenix Union High School District No. 210
Suellen Brahs
11th Grade